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INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

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Original Articles.

DESPAIR.

BY VISSCHER MIX.

I have waited—I have waited
Through the long and silent day,
For the shadows congregated
In my heart, to pass away.
Through the dim and darkening skylight
Of my chamber, has the twilight
Stolen gray;
Stars have shot their glances through it,
Though I scarcely even knew it,—
And the moon has sent a ray
Of her purest light to me,
To illumine
What can never more be free
From its dreaded guest of gloom.

I have waited on in patience—
Patience blackened by despair—
For the solace of forgetting
What I cannot—cannot dare
To remember, or forbear
To remember—'tis so fair;—
Yet so terrible to think of—
Such a bitter cup to drink of—
And of sweetness yet so rare
That I cannot choose but let it
Touch my fevered lip and wet it,
Though aware
That the draught is fire unceasing
And eternally increasing
My despair!

But the shadows of the night
Cannot displace the clouds around my heart,
Nor the kindly stars impart
To my soul their light.
Darker, darker, settle down,
As the midnight draweth nigh,
Blacker clouds on me, than frown
From the changing sky.
Visions made of light and love
Dawn upon me from above,
With such overpowering splendor
In their presence as to render,
Earth a heaven;—
Then are rudely dashed asunder
By the overwhelming thunder

Of an angry God!
All their gay enchantment riven
By the smiting of his rod.

With the ceaseless struggle weary,
Now I sit beneath my load,
Staring at the wild and dreary
Shapes that tenant my abode.
Dwellers of the middle regions,
Human half—half demon seeming,
Throng around in shadowy legions
Such as haunt a madman's dreaming.
Could I only be forgetful
Of the hope that could not last—
Could I even feel regretful
For the Past—
Might I spurn the fiends that haunt me,
And with demon laughter taunt me,
With my weakness and my woe—
Respite from the ills that daunt me,
Then my soul might know.

But alas! alas! for never—
Never can I feel again,
Human passions such as ever
Dwell with other men.
Midnight finds me waking, waking!
Waking in my fearful trance?
So does morning in its breaking—
So does day's advance.
Sleep may seem to settle o'er me,
But 'tis all in vain;—
Shapes of terror rise before me
Till I wake again;—
Wake the body that the mind
Something like repose may find—
Fain in toil and daring
Would it find relief;
Find relief in sharing
What would else be grief.

I have waited—I have waited,
Through the weary days,
Hoping that my God the shadow
From my soul would raise.
But it gathers darker round me
Now, than when at first it found me
On that dreadful day,
When, by Heaven's wrath o'ertaken,
All my human hopes were shaken
From their rock away;
Every human hope was taken
From my soul away.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

(Taken in a dim light.)

One of those fervent days which create in us longings for the delights of Arcadian groves and fountains, is closing; and with evening come light zephyrs newly awakened from their day-sleep among cool hills, and the memories which attend an idle twilight hour.

Every thing, this evening, reminds me of other scenes. The river, while I float on its bosom, brings to mind a more magnificent stream, whose waters not even the agents of steam can rob of their transparency, so deeply flows its mighty current; and on, and in whose waves, seemingly still chafing from their dizzy leap over the world-renowned rock,—it was once my joy to sport.—And the dim outline of hills and woods,—the city, stretching in silence along the shore, its occasional lights, brilliant as the lamps at an Eastern fete,—the short beat of a descending steamer, just discoverable through the dusk,—all are eloquent with the language of hours, remembered, though for ever gone.

The merry laugh of children at their sports, startles me from my reverie. Associations, bright with the spirit of poesy, crowd my mind at the joyous sounds. The fancies which steal over me, seem as shadows of childish dreams—of visions, radiant with spiritual light, which first visited me beside the foaming waterfall, or in the woodland haunt—wherever Nature was loveliest, or Solitude most deep. Though light as an angel's whisper, yet are the vagaries of men scarcely more substantial:—would they were as innocent!

Who has not felt the power of music, heard in a state midway between sleeping and waking? Even as some dream, wrought with the intensity of an unfettered imagination, will the strain that falls upon the ear at such an hour, haunt for days,—perchance years,—the delighted fancy.

To action, has succeeded repose. The streets, but lately rife with the hum of passing crowds, now scarcely echo the watchman's tread. It is midnight. My day-dreams are forgotten; I sleep, unconscious of all things in the outer world.

But, suddenly, I start from my light slumber.—A strain of ravishing melody floats through the still air, and trembles on my ear. Do I dream? or have seraphim tuned their harps on Earth? All of melody of which man e'er dreamed, seems mingling in those divine sounds. Now swelling in rich volumes, the tones seem echoing through the high

arches and solemn aisles of some romance-hallowed minster; now, wild, quivering and airy, as floating in the labyrinths of Triton's shell, or tracing the Arabesque sculpture of Oriental domes; till, melting to the softest tones of Polian strings, while the heart stands still lest its beating break the spell, and we think of fairy hymns, and the soft gush of mermaid voices, and love, and Heaven—they fade from the thirsting sense, and vanish sweetly into the charmed silence!

Again, the deep hush of midnight reigns; the presence is fled, but not so its remembrance. May their dreams be pleasant, in whose souls it stirred other emotions than even the sweetest harmony of sounds can awaken.

I sink again to sleep, to dream of soft music in the land of romance and of song, and serenades on the moonlit waves of the Adriatic.

MELANCHOLY WORDS.

BY S. A. S.

"The beauties of the English tongue are all melancholy, tinted by clouds, and tuned by lashing waves."—CORINNE.

Terrific words of doom there are,
That fall with deadly stroke
Upon the heart, as thunderbolt
That rives the mountain oak;
But none that breathe so sad a tone,
As *no-more, never, and alone.*

Low, thrilling words are whispered oft,
That light with bliss the eye,
And wake a rapture in the heart,
The sweetest 'neath the sky;
But if such joy be ever flown,
Then is the spirit left *alone.*

O! there are bitter, parting words,
That blanch the cheek to say,
That tear each fiber of the heart,
When loved ones pass away;
Then every whisper bears the tone
Of *no-more, never, and alone.*

Dark words there are, yet seeming bright,
List not their luring strain,
They leave a blight upon the soul,
A madness on the brain,
And plunge it darkling on that shore,
Where light and hope shall come *no-more.*

Pure, glorious words have come to earth
From One beyond the sky,
And he who loves them sings at last,
"Tis rapture e'en to die;"
While round him steals the dirge-like tone
Of *no-more, never, and alone.*

Bright, sparkling words in music ring
Within the festal hall,
And hope, and joy, with garlands bright,
Come hastening at their call;
But once those blissful moments o'er,
We know *too well* they come *no-more.*

Cold words there are, that still each pulse,
With freezing, icy breath,
And *lofty* ones that nerve the soul,
To battle e'en with death;
But like the sea's low, distant moan,
Are *no-more, never, and alone.*

And there are cruel, scorning words,
That leave a serpent sting,
And haunt the ear through every path,

A fearful, hissing thing;
Such well may sigh for sounds of yore,
Sweet voices that return, *no-more.*

And hosts of words there are beside,—
Aye, *some we love too well,*
And some that wake wild, stirring thoughts
From out their hidden cell;
But none that breathe so sad a tone,
As *no-more, never, and alone.*
WILLOW-BROOK, Nov. 12, 1849.

MATRIMONIAL MAGNANIMITY.

[The truth of the following is vouched for by the gentleman who communicates it.]

Some thirteen years ago, while on a visit to see some friends in Tioga Co., an uncle of mine who had formerly lived in Chenango Co., related to me the following story:

The elder of two brothers, being engaged to a young lady, went to sea. He was gone two or three years, and nothing was heard of him in all that time, which led his friends to conclude that he was dead. The younger brother offered his hand to the young lady and was accepted. The day appointed for their marriage had arrived, the friends had assembled, the parties had joined hands, and the minister was proceeding to tie the knot, when the elder brother entered. The lady regarded the elder brother as having the stronger claim and was married to him; whether on the spot, or after an interval of consideration, I think I was not told. They resided somewhere in Vermont, had a family of eight or nine children, and were always poor. The younger brother remained a bachelor. When asked, as he often was, "Why he did not get married?" he used to reply, that "Women were slippery things; you were not sure of them even when you had got hold of their hands." He was rather parsimonious, and accumulated considerable property. He used to go every year to see his brother and give him such assistance as he needed. At length the elder brother died, and, after a suitable interval, the younger brother again offered himself, was accepted, and came into possession of the whole family.

I do not know where the marriage of the elder brother occurred, but the younger brother, after his marriage, lived in Chenango Co., and soon after the story was told me, I was in Chenango Co., and he was pointed out to me as he was passing along the road. He appeared to be about sixty years old. His name was Frisbie.

Select Miscellany.

TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Welcome from thy dusky Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold!
Welcome to the sunny Vineland
Which they sought and found of old!

Soft as lapse of Silga's waters
When the moon of summer shines;
Strong as winter from his mountains
Roaring through the Northern pines.

Swan of Abo! we have listened
To thy saga and thy song,
Till a household joy and gladness;
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,
By the log-walled cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and Northern fancies
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night watch, long and chill,
Shine they like the sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

Sweet eyes smile for us in Norland;
Household forms we love are there;
In their bitter grief of parting
And their bridal joy we share.

We alone are strangers to thee;
Thou our friend and teacher art;
Come and know us as we know thee;
Let us meet thee heart to heart.

To our household homes and altars,
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,
As thy loving hand has led us
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

MY AFTER DINNER ADVENTURES WITH PETER SCHLEMIHL.

* * * The cloth was withdrawn, and I was in a state of perfect satisfaction and repose, and felt myself completely free from all the maladies of life! My wife drank her usual glass, and I drank two or three from the bottle of excellent old port that stood on the table; and, after a vain effort at conversation, my wife put on her spectacles, and took up the newspapers.

I philosophized awhile, occasionally sipping my wine, and at length observed the newspaper gradually lowering from my wife's hands, whilst her head also declined; and her spectacles dropped from her face to her lap, and her cap very soon followed—she was asleep!

I took another glass of wine, and my thoughts having been previously engaged in a speculation on the result of steam, I resumed the train of my musing.

I mentally compared the rate of traveling before and since the adaptation of steam to traveling purposes. I contemplated the future speed at which we might arrive, and saw time and distance perfectly annihilated—traversed the distance from England to China betwixt breakfast and dinner—and slept one night at Mexico and the next at Moscow. I considered the advantages that would result to mankind from a more rapid transit of the products of the earth; and saw turtles one day floating off the Island of Ascension, and the next day served up to lunch in the shape of soup at Parry's Hotel. I then discussed, learnedly, the various preparations of that delicate animal, and the imitations that have in vain been made of it, and seriously doubted whether or not its municipal use was known to the ancients. I had a strong notion that the savory meat made by Esau for his father was in fact no other than mock turtle; and was engaged in considering what sort of mock turtle would be manufactured of vension or kid—when I was aware of the door of our sitting room gently opening, and a tall gentlemanly looking man entered, dressed in black! He advanced to the table, and, nodding familiarly, helped himself to a glass of wine.

"Do you know me?" said he.

"No," said I.

"I thought as much," he replied, "I am Peter Schlemihl—do you know me now?"

"Peter Schlemihl?" I answered. "O, yes, I have heard of you; but I could not at the moment recollect whether he was the man without a shadow, or the man with a cork leg."

A reflection passed through my mind, that there was rather an absence of ceremony in his introduction, but I asked him to be seated and inquired his business with me.

"I am come," said he, "to take a walk with you—do you know Liverpool?"

I was not at that moment disposed to take a walk, and a certain rheumatic twinge in my feet, gave me to understand that a walk would, at that time, be particularly disagreeable, for which reason, and because I was conscious of something like a repulsive feeling against the man, I resolved, although I am intimately acquainted with almost every nook and corner in Liverpool, to deny my knowledge of the place, and to tell Mr. Schlemihl a plain lie.

"Mr. Schlemihl," said I—

"Don't Mister me," he replied, "my name is Peter—Peter Schlemihl. But do you know Liverpool?"

"No," said I, bolting out the lie at once.

"I thought so, and for that reason I have called upon you to take a short walk there. I have an hour to spare; and I believe you like turtle, and there are several houses in Liverpool where turtle is dressed to a perfection that would raise a chuckle in the gullet of an expiring alderman. So come along."

I pointed to my wife. "Pooh!" said he, "we shall be back before she awakens—so, come along."

The bell, announcing the departure of the packet, at that moment rang, and Peter Schlemihl reaching my hat and gloves, put the former on my head, and gave it a whack, by way of setting it firmly down, and taking me by the arm, I felt no power to resist; but almost instantaneously found myself on board the steam-packet, sailing on my way to Liverpool, in company with Peter Schlemihl.

In a few seconds we were across the river, and landed on the parade; but, in ascending the steps, some villain with an iron heel to his boot, gave my toes such a squeeze that I almost screamed with agony. Peter saw my distress, and putting an arm through one of mine, "never mind," said he, "I'll provide you with consolation;" and almost before I had time to ask whither we were going, I found myself seated with him in a room in the Mersey Hotel.

Mr. Horne was the very pink of civility, and the waiters appeared to know Peter Schlemihl well, and seemed to understand his very looks; for, although I did not hear him give any order, and although I certainly gave none, two plates of rich turtle were almost instantly before us, accompanied with lemon, cayenne, punch, &c.

"I have dined," said I, as I almost mechanically took a spoonful; but that spoonful sufficed to drive away all remembrance of my pain, and all recollection of my dinner. It was delectable; and we ladled away with the gusto of men taking turtle for the last time.

"How do you like it?" said Peter, when I had finished.

"It is admirable," I replied; "who could help liking it?"

"Well," said he; "if you are satisfied, put the spoon in your pocket, and let us march."

"The spoon in my pocket?" I answered; "do you wish me to be taken up as a thief?"

"Quite a matter of taste," said Peter Schlemihl; "suppose you had swallowed it by accident—and you opened a mouth wide enough to have admitted a soup-ladle, putting a simple spoon out of the question—suppose you had swallowed it by accident, could you have been successfully accused of theft? And where is the difference to Mr. Horne, the landlord, betwixt your putting his spoon in your stomach by accident, and putting it in your pocket by design? In either case, I take it the loss to him would be pretty much the same; so the difference, you see, is but in words—but come along."

So saying, he again put my hat on my head, giving it a thump as before, and putting my gloves in my hand, I was presently walking in his company, at a quick rate, towards the Exchange, without having any clear idea of the way in which we left the turtle room in the Mersey Hotel.

To my surprise, the daylight still continued—people were passing backwards and forwards, and appeared to be in all the hurry and bustle of mid-day business; though, from the hour, I expected to see the gas in full blaze, and the streets deserted of their mercantile population.

"Is it not a handsome pile of building?" said Peter Schlemihl, after he had walked me round the Town Hall, and pointed out its beauties; its portico; its frieze; its dome; and after he had led me round the area of the Exchange buildings, and pointed out each and every part worth notice.

"Is it not a handsome pile of building?" said he.

"It is undoubtedly handsome," I replied, "and does great credit to the place, but as a piece of architecture, it is by no means perfect; and"—

"For mercy's sake," said Peter, "don't turn critical! If you do, I will desert you. I have known many critics in my time, but I never knew but one sensible man of the craft; and he lived to regret his taste as a misfortune.—No, no! rules are very necessary in every art, and every science; but never do you imbibe the notion, that nothing can be pleasing or beautiful that is not strictly according to rule. Now, there is a monument to Nelson—the glorious Nelson—before you; but, handsome as it is, and suitable as it is to a naval hero, in an important seaport town, and standing on the high mart of foreign commerce, yet I will not allow you to look at it, for it is not strictly correct according to the code critical. By the by, did you ever see that funny affair that the Birmingham gentleman put up in memory of the same great man? Living so far inland they did not perfectly understand what a sailor was like, but they made a little gentleman in black, and having heard of the green sea, they set him up in business in their market-place, as a green-grocer, being the nearest approach to the green sea that their imagination could suggest,—what business had

Nelson in a market-place?—they might as well have made him a button-maker—but come along."

Peter's motions were so rapid, that without perfectly understanding the course of our progress, I found that we were almost instantly walking up and down the news-room, bustling through the dense throng of merchants, brokers, dealers, captains, Christians, Jews, Turks and men of all occupations—all nations—all creeds, and all colors.

Things bore an appearance of importance, for foreign news had arrived of great and overwhelming interest. Grave looking men, with sage and anxious faces, were poring upon the newspapers at the various tables, intent to know the news of the day; whilst those who could not obtain access to a table, were greedily swallowing the intelligence that could be collected from some loquacious friend.

To my consternation I saw Schlemihl—my companion, Peter Schlemihl!—take the newspapers from the different stands, and put them in his pocket; and, to my equal consternation, I saw him take from another pocket other papers, which he laid before the readers with such adroitness, that the exchange was not perceived; but a man who had an instant before been reading of some disastrous event, now smiled and chuckled as he read that even his best hopes were more than realized. I trembled lest my companion should be detected, for some in the room knew me!

At length the natural result arrived. Men met, and gave different versions of news from the same papers; for Peter's papers did not appear to have been all printed at one press. Contradiction begot argument, to which warm words succeeded, and, in a very few minutes, almost every man in the room was engaged in dispute; and as they were all talkers and no hearers, Peter Schlemihl took me by the arm, and walked me off to the Town Hall, saying, as he went, "The money-changers, and the dealers in gums, and in spices, and in oils, and in hides, and in cotton, and in fine wool, have forgotten their commissions and their percentages for to-day."

We went into the beautiful and capacious rooms, and admired Chantrey's delicate statue of Canning—the intellectual Canning!—and did not admire a fat, heavy, old Roman-looking person, whose bust was appropriately placed in the dining-room.

We walked out upon the gallery; and, after looking for some time at the panoramic scene presented to our view, Peter Schlemihl excited my surprise, and, in some measure, my alarm, by climbing, by some means or other—but which means I do not to the present hour perfectly comprehend—outside the dome to where Britannia sits alone in her glory.

Some seconds elapsed before I durst look at him, for I expected him to drop at my feet a dead and unsightly mass!

I heard a chuckle and a laugh, and, looking up, I saw Peter Schlemihl quietly seated on the lap of Britannia, with one arm round her waist, and looking up into her face with a good humored smile, as if he had been saying something arch and amusing; and she—that deceitful woman, that I always looked upon as a cold stony composition—was laughing outright at Peter's fun! But my indignation

knew no bounds when I saw Peter Schlemihl take from his pocket a meerschaum, and very calmly fill it and light it, and after taking a few whiffs to see that it was thoroughly ignited, put it in the mouth of Britannia, who began to smoke with all the force and energy of an old fishwife, gently saying, as she began, "Thank you, Peter!"

"Peter Schlemihl! I called out—Peter Schlemihl! come down this instant, and do not take such liberties with that lady. If you do not come down directly, I will inform the Mayor and Corporation, and they will punish you well for your impudence! They will take you before Mr. Hall, the magistrate; and he is not a man to allow ladies to be trifled with."

Before I had well concluded the sentence, Peter Schlemihl came sliding down the dome, and dropped directly upon my toes, so that I was put to more pain than even when ascending the steps from the steam packet.

"It was an accident," said Peter, "quite an accident! and cannot be helped; but a little exercise will take away the pain."

To try the experiment, he put his arm within mine, and away we traveled, at a furious rate, towards the Zoological Gardens.

"Step into that cellar," said he, as we were posting along, "and buy me a penn'orth of nuts—that's a good fellow—and then go into that shop," pointing to one, "and buy me six penn'orth of bird-lime, and if you like it, you may put it in your breeches pocket!"

"Nuts and bird-lime," I answered, "and put it in my breeches pocket!—indeed, I shall do no such thing—these are the only pair of trousers I have with me!—but what are you going to do with bird-lime? surely we are not going a bird-catching?"

"Never you mind!" said he, "will you fetch the articles, or not?"

"No!" I answered, "I will not."

"A word of that sort's enough!" said Schlemihl "don't trouble yourself to say anything more," and slipping into the cellar, he presently emerged, with his hat half full of nuts, and afterwards going into the shop he had pointed out, he returned from it, rolling betwixt his hands a large ball of something like shoemaker's wax.

"Here they are," said Peter—"and now for the gardens."

"On arriving there, Peter Schlemihl picked up a bit of printed paper, which he palmed upon the porter for an order, and by some legerdemain of his, we were presently inside, cheek by jowl with a blue-faced baboon. On going round, he stopped where a lot of monkeys were confined in a large cage, and Peter smiled at the sight."

"Ah, Jacko! Jacko!" said he, pitching two or three nuts amongst the solemn-looking assembly. Instantly, the whole body was in confusion, leaping, squealing, and snatching after the nuts. He threw another nut, which was caught by a youngster, from whom it was snatched by an older and more experienced thief. Another and another nut followed, and the same scene was repeated; and the sagacious brutes, seeing that Peter was the only man in the nut market, watched his every motion with intense interest.

If he went a foot more to one side than an-

other, away went the whole monkey population in the same direction. If he raised or moved his arm, every monkey was on the *qui vive*, prepared to spring to the land of promise, to where the looked-for treasure was expected to fall; but if he threw a nut in the cage, then for the scuffle and the noise, the squealing, the growling, the scratching and snatching, and clawing!

He continued to coquette with the monkeys for some time, and succeeded in establishing a very free and very friendly intercourse betwixt himself and them. At length, I saw him rolling a nut about betwixt his hands—he showed it to the monkeys, who all sprang upon their haunches, ready to seize the prize, their eyes glistening like glow-worms with eagerness. He affected to throw it; they all jumped against each other to the quarter where they expected it to come. Again he showed the nut, and then, after exciting their attention to the utmost, he threw it amongst them.

There was a hot scuffle in the cage, and the prize was seized by a veteran old monkey, who ran into a corner of the cage to secure it; but, alas! he had no bargain; for, after giving it a squeeze or two, he found his jaws almost fastened together, and gave a fearful squeal. Another monkey seized the nut, and pulled away, until he got something in his mouth, which united him by a string to the first monkey.

Peter Schlemihl threw another nut, and after that another, and another, and the monkeys became like so many infuriated demons, scratching, biting, tearing and squealing, in their vain endeavors to extricate themselves from Peter's nuts, which, instead of being pure Barcelonas, were nothing more or less than the veritable bird-lime.

They tugged and tore to get it out of their mouths, and as all hands were engaged in snatching and tearing from each other, and, in doing so, skipped and jumped about in all directions, the whole chattering fraternity became completely enveloped in a netting of bird-lime, and made a noise and a riot, such as never before was heard, even in a garden devoted to zoology.

The clamor and confusion of these brutes collected together all the keepers and all the company in the gardens; and great indeed was the indignation and distress of the former on finding the dirty and adhesive dilemma in which the unfortunate monkeys were placed. A week's holiday they said, would be necessary in the monkey department, in order to rid them of their netting of bird-lime.

They began to institute inquiries as to the author of the mischief; and Peter Schlemihl hearing those enquiries take rather a personal turn towards himself, again took my arm, and before I was aware whither we were going, Peter and I were *tete a tete* with the lion.

"He is a noble animal!" said I.

"He's up to snuff," said Peter.

He then insinuated his box of Lundy Foot, without the lid, cautiously into the lion's cage, gently obtruding it upon the lion's notice with the end of his stick.

The lion, on seeing it, went leisurely to it, and took a hearty snuff, as if he had been a snuff-traker from his infancy—the cage echoed with a tremendous sneeze, and presently with another, and a third; and he then shook his head and his eyes watered, and he looked ve-

ry like an old gentleman maudlin drunk.—Again he sneezed, and being impatient at the pungency and inconvenience, he gave vent to his anger in a fearful roar, which attracted the attention of the keepers and visitors, and induced them to come towards us.

Peter Schlemihl observed their movement, and, again taking me by the arm, said—"It is time to be going;" and instantly we were by the side of the ostrich.

"This," said he, "is a gentleman of good appetite and strong digestion, so I will give him something to exercise both," taking from his pocket the head of an axe, and pitching it into the cage as we passed it.

We then came to the elephant, and as he held out his huge trunk, moving it about, expecting a cake or some other thing edible, Peter Schlemihl pricked him severely with the point of his penknife.

Suddenly I heard a fearful crash, and perceived that the elephant had broken down his enclosure, and was rushing towards us in the wildest fury imaginable.

I turned and ran, endeavoring to make my escape; but such was my fear and trepidation, that my knees failed me, and I could not go forward. I seemed to be rooted to the spot!

I saw Peter Schlemihl—the wicked Peter Schlemihl!—pass me! He looked like an overgrown kangaroo, and appeared to bound away from the spring of his tail, with the speed of a Congreve rocket. I heard the elephant coming after me, bearing down everything in his course. I heard Mr. Atkins, and all his keepers, and all his visitors, in full chase.—I felt the elephant breathe upon me, and falling down with absolute terror, I felt him pass over me in pursuit of his tormentor, Peter Schlemihl; and, as one of his feet pressed with agonizing weight upon mine, I fainted, and became insensible to all that was passing.

Some good persons, I believe, took me out of the gardens, and placed me in safety; and I gradually recovered and proceeded to make the best of my way to Seacombe.

I was going along in a very melancholy mood, when I felt a slap on my shoulder, and Peter Schlemihl was walking by my side, apparently as indifferent as if nothing had occurred.

"That old savage got vexed!" said he.

"Indeed," I replied; "he might well—I hope he caught you, and rewarded you for your folly!"

"Thanks for your good wishes," said Peter, drily; "but you see I have escaped. I made a sudden turn and got amongst the crowd of pursuers, and by that means I blinked him;—but where do you think you are going to?"

"I am going to Seacombe," I answered.

"Indeed, my good fellow, you are not at present," said Peter; "I wish to take a turn in the market, and you must go with me."

In vain I remonstrated—he had hold of my arm, and I found myself irresistibly compelled to accompany him.

We strolled towards that capacious and convenient market, St. John's. We entered and found it crowded; and in lounging round, Peter asked the price of every thing from every body, and gave an order to every trader in

the place. He bought of all things, from a cocoa-nut to a round of beef, and pressed into the service every carrier about the market.

As we proceeded, he nodded to one, winked to another, and spoke to a third, and used such familiarities to all, that I quite expected to see him handed out of the market by the police; but he was suffered to proceed without interruption, appearing to possess a license for doing impertinent things that would not be tolerated in any other person.

At length we stopped opposite to the establishment of Miss Hetty Taylor, the good-looking green-grocer, that once on a time received a Tory aristocratic kiss from Lord Sandon in the face of the whole market.

To that place he was followed by all the tradespeople from whom he had made purchases, all desirous to be paid for their goods; and by all the bearers of the articles he had purchased, desirous to know to what place they were to convey their burdens.

On reaching Miss Hetty Taylor's establishment, Peter Schlemihl, after politely bowing to that lady, picked out a quantity of turnips, took out a knife, and in an incredibly short space of time hollowed them out—cutting features in the sides of them with surprising celerity—and converted them into genuine, orthodox turnip lanterns.

How he managed to put lights in them, I don't know; but lighted they all were; and then Peter Schlemihl began to throw them about like the balls of Indian jugglers; and away they whirled, in incredible numbers and with astonishing velocity!

The crowd was for a time delighted with the gyrations of the turnip lanterns; but, in the course of their whirling about, first one gaping spectator, and then another, received a violent blow on the face, which terminated his satisfaction.

From being anxious spectators, they became violent assailants, and seizing anything they could lay their hands on, they began to pelt Peter Schlemihl. He actively avoided their missiles, and seemed, by his surprising agility, to multiply himself into a dozen men; and, seizing the different articles in the carriers' baskets, he set them all in motion in like manner to his turnip lanterns; and so rapid was he in catching and throwing the different articles of flying artillery, that they appeared to possess a perpetual motion, after being once projected from his hands.

All parties now joined in the *melee*, and threw things about with frightful activity; and turnips, carrots, potatoes, geese, ducks, poultry, legs and ribs of beef, cow-heels, pig's-heads and feet, eggs, red herrings, and fried bacon, glided through the air with the speed of the wind, crossing and twisting about in all directions; and now and then coming in no pleasant contact with the heads of innocent spectators.

In the midst of these proceedings, I observed Peter Schlemihl rolling his hands together, and then he threw walnuts amongst the crowd with great rapidity. They were caught; and attempts were made to throw them back again, but in vain, for they stuck to whatever they touched: and the people, in their vain endeavors to rid themselves of such a nuisance, and to impose it on their neighbors, wound themselves about in a skein of bird-lime, from

which they were wholly unable to extricate themselves; and they exhibited as much anger and violence as the more serious-looking monkeys, when in a similar predicament.

In the meantime, so deeply and earnestly were all parties engaged, that the commencement of the scuffle was forgotten, as well as all remembrance of its originator, and Peter Schlemihl pinching my arm, smiled, and said, "Come, I think the poor people are all got into employment! let us begone;" and so saying, we were forthwith in the street.

We made our exit at the side next to the fish-market, which we entered, and walked around, admiring the beautiful fish that were spread so temptingly on the white marble stalls.

"What do you think of that?" said Peter Schlemihl, pointing with his walking stick to a large turbot that lay quietly before us.

"He is a fine fellow," I answered, "and the sight of him would be enough to transfix a gourmand with delight."

Peter gave it a rap with the end of his stick, upon which it flapped, and sprang up nearly to the ceiling, throwing somersets in its progress; and, whilst I was watching its extraordinary motions in perfect amazement, Peter Schlemihl was running around the market striking the fish with his stick, and making them all leap and spring, so that the place appeared more like a piscatory ball-room than a well ordered market.

The fishwomen and their assistants were all in alarm for their property; and whilst they ran about securing what they could, they treated Peter Schlemihl with such a sample of Billingsgate as I had never before heard; and, fearing that I should come in for some portion of their favors, I ran out of the market with all my might, inwardly, but very heartily and sincerely, bestowing Peter Schlemihl upon the devil, or any other personage that would accept so troublesome a gift.

I was going along at a hasty pace, grumbling and muttering curses on myself for having been so great a fool as to trust my unfortunate person with so mercurial a companion, when I felt an arm thrust within mine, and, turning my head, I saw Peter Schlemihl!

"Those were lively dogs," said he, "were they not? They gave very animated proofs of their being fresh!"

"O, Peter Schlemihl! Peter Schlemihl!" said I, "how can you behave so? How can you think of bringing me—an innocent man as I am—into these troublesome rows and scrapes? My feet are so painful that I can scarcely put one before the other; and yet, not satisfied with wheeling me here to take a walk, as you pretended, you have kept me in continued crowds, and dangers, and difficulties; and if you proceed, even if I should escape with my life, which is hardly probable, it is more than I can possibly expect, to escape being locked up by the police as being drunk and disorderly, and taken before Mr. Justice Hall to-morrow morning to answer for your atrocious delinquencies—O, Peter Schlemihl, I wish I had never seen you!"

We walked along very moodily, without exchanging another word, and without the way we were taking being observed by me, until we found ourselves opposite to that magnificent hotel, the Adelphi.

"Do you know that person?" said Peter

Schlemihl, nodding towards Mr. Radley, the jolly looking landlord, who was standing there gazing at his house—"do you know that person?"

I knew him well enough, but I was determined to preserve my consistency, so I bluntly answered "No."

"It is Radley, the landlord of that big house," said he, "a fine fellow. Well, Radley," addressing that gentleman, "how do? Trying to find out a spot where you can hang a bit more iron on your house? Eh! Master Radley? Very fond of iron, Radley!"

Radley smiled, and gave a knowing look, which said, as plainly as look could say, "Ah, Master Peter Schlemihl! no amendment on your manners since I saw you last."

We entered the house, and Peter Schlemihl appeared as well known, and as well attended to, by the waiters there, as he had before been at the Mersey Hotel. I heard no order given, and gave none myself; but I suppose some sign or token must have passed from Peter, for presently I snuffed the fumes of savory turtle, and a couple of plates, with the usual appendages, were smoking on the table before us.

The turtle was exquisite, and there can be no wonder that, after the troubles and fatigues that I had undergone in company with Peter Schlemihl, I enjoyed my plate, and drained off my glass of punch, with almost more than usual gratification.

"Come," said Peter Schlemihl, when we had finished our turtle, with an air of command, that, on two or three occasions, I had observed him to assume towards me, but the repetition of which was not a bit more agreeable, because I had previously observed it,—

"Come," said he, "time for us to trudge."

"I have trudged enough," I replied, "and am not disposed to trudge any more."

"You are not?" said he.

I looked a positive confirmation of the statement.

"Waiter!" he called out, "fetch me in a policeman—this fellow's about to turn stupid on my hands."

"What do you mean by a policeman?" I said, or rather shouted, with some alarm; for although I stated that I could expect no other than to be locked up by the police, yet I felt any thing but a wish to accelerate the attentions of that assiduous fraternity towards myself.

"Mean?" replied Peter Schlemihl, "you left Seacombe under my protection, and I mean to return you safe back if I can; and as you refuse to go with me, I mean to place you in the custody of the police, on a charge of breeding a riot in the market, so that I may have you fast against the time when you may be wanted: and, when I have seen you safely disposed of, I mean to inform your wife where she may find you; and I mean to recommend that respectable dozer, to bring you some changes of linen, and other things, to make you tolerably comfortable during the five or six weeks you will have to remain in custody."

"Custody!" cried I, rising on my legs—"what have I done to merit being placed in custody, beyond being seen in company with such an arrant scamp as yourself?"

"Hush! hush!" said Peter, "no names—gentlemen never use such language—all should be peace, and quietness, and repose,

and no excitement—such ebullitions of warmth are decidedly vulgar. Here's your hat"—putting it on my head, and settling it, as before, with the weight of his fist. "Now you are better, you'll not require a keeper yet;—so come along!"

Taking my arm, we were once more on the pave, and strolling up Bold Street, on our way, as Peter said, to St. James's Cemetery!

"Rather a solemn place for a lounge!" said I.

"That's all you know of the matter!" replied Peter—"really you men that live in the country and eat vegetables, have extraordinary notions! Why, some people consider it a very interesting and agreeable scene. By the by, I met a friend one day last summer, who excused himself for not taking a walk, by saying that his brother-in-law was come to Liverpool in the last stage of consumption, and he was going to take him a ride by way of amusing him. "And where are you going to take the poor gentleman?" I enquired. "To the cemetery," answered he—it is as agreeable as any I know. I was aroused at the idea of taking a dying man to the cemetery by way of amusing him, and was at the trouble to go there myself to see if the fact would be as stated, and sure enough my friend and his brother-in-law made their appearance, the latter more dead than alive. He, however, said he was much amused, and he seemed to take such a fancy to the place, that, in a fortnight afterwards, he was provided with permanent lodgings there. So you see," added Peter, "every body is not exactly of your opinion."

We reached the cemetery, and first went into the little temple and heard part of the service for the dead, delivered in a way that gave Peter Schlemihl, as he said, a very lively idea of what people mean when they talk of that service being performed. He hurried me out, and along the Dead Man's Path, into the cemetery.

We walked round, and, in the course of the lounge, met thirteen incipient Byrons, aged from fifteen to nineteen, each with a broad shirt-collar turned down, and open at the front, to show the throat, with a black bandana tied sailor-wise.

Four were smoking cigars—real lighted cigar—the puppies!—five held between their teeth imitation cigars, colored brown, and painted red at the end, to appear like fire, and white, to appear like ashes—the greater puppies! The remainder were innocent of cigar, either real or imitative.

They all looked melancholy, bilious, and saffron-colored, and appeared to have been picking out their respective situations in the cemetery.

Peter Schlemihl seemed to think them too contemptible for a joke, for he passed them in silence, except muttering between his teeth, as we approached the last, "This makes a baker's dozen."

Peter stopped near the monument erected to the memory of Mr. Huskisson—"There," said he, "you may look, but don't be critical."

"It is a very beautiful statue," I observed; "but, in the name of common sense, why did the people of Liverpool inclose it in that pepper-box?"

"Upon the same principle," replied Peter, "that governs a man who, when he takes a lighted candle out of doors, encloses it in a

lantern. He does it to answer his own purposes, and cares nothing for the public. But I told you not to be critical."

"This beautiful cemetery," said I, "is an admirable adaptation of the old stone-quarry, and some of the inscriptions on the stones are very affecting."

"No doubt they are," replied Peter Schlemihl, "to such a spoon as you; but have you yet to learn that in a churchyard no person is allowed to have any other than a good character. Death connects the most contemptible animals that ever blood warmed into tender fathers—affectionate husbands—faithful wives—dutiful children, and such like. The church and the churchyard is the only place to acquire a good character graven in stone. Try your hand at giving some scoundrel his due in his epitaph—venture to write upon a grave-stone that on such a day such a person died, well known to all his friends and acquaintances as the greatest rascal that his parish contained; excelling all men in his several vocations of swindler, perjurer, and thief. Try your hand at that, and see how the Church will step forward to prevent your telling the truth. If you persist in your experiment, you will very soon find yourself doing penance in a white sheet, my gentleman! for saying any thing but good of the dead."

Peter's morality appeared to evaporate in the last sentence; and slipping his arm in mine, we left the cemetery, and went the shortest way to the docks.

"This is a noble, business-like, line of docks, all things considered," said Peter Schlemihl—"their extent from north to south, and their convenient position to the town! But confound 'em, they are burning tobacco by wholesale in that vile warehouse, and the stench is sufficient to poison any thing human."

So saying, he hurried me from one dock to another, stopping every now and then to look at some peculiar craft, until we found ourselves near the Custom-house.

He took me round that fine building, and after examining and admiring it outside, he led the way into the interior, and from one room to another, mixing and taking part in all the mysteries attending the receipt of custom, and the entering and clearing out of ships, with as much nonchalance as if he had been an inmate of the long-room from his birth.

Business was in its hey-day, and the rooms were consequently crowded; and I was horrified almost to fainting when I heard Peter Schlemihl, very calmly and deliberately, and with great distinctness of voice, ask me to reach a great spring clock which was suspended against a wall, and put it in his pocket!

I looked at him to see if I could discover whether he really was in earnest, but he repeated his request in a tone that seemed to say that he would be obeyed, and muttered something about a policeman, and I felt that I had no alternative but to comply. I got upon a desk, and reached down the abominable clock, and to my surprise it slipped easily into his pocket, and to my greater surprise, no one in the room took notice of the transaction!

I hastened out of the place, determined to get away and return to Seacombe; and was running along the Canning Dock from the Custom-house, making the best of my way to the Prince's Parade, when I felt a person running alongside of me; and turning my head,

I found, to my grief and amazement, that I was accompanied by Peter Schlemihl!

He gave me a knowing look; and as we trudged on, shoulder to shoulder, "This is a nice clock we've got," said he.

I was ready to drop with vexation, but it was of no use—it did not in the least disturb the equanimity of Peter Schlemihl.

"Stop!" said he, at length, seizing me by the shoulder—"it is worse than useless to waste our wind in this way. I am going to smoke a cigar—will you have one?—it is a real good one."

I was grown desperate, and was glad of any thing for a change, so I took a cigar and began to smoke furiously.

In this mood we went on together, both smoking; but, in my confusion of mind, I was led by Peter Schlemihl past the proper place of embarkation for Seacombe, and as we were proceeding along Bath Street, he put the finish to my distress and rage, by sticking his lighted cigar into a cart-load of hemp that was being discharged at a warehouse.

Instantly the whole was in a blaze—the warehouse took fire—the fire engines were called for—a crowd collected—a body of police appeared—search commenced for the incendiary—and, to escape from the consequences of this diabolical act of my companion, I made the best of my way to the river side, and jumped into the first thing I came to in the shape of a boat, trembling from head to foot, and seeing nothing but the gallows before me.

"Cut the painter," said Peter Schlemihl—for to my utter horror and dismay he was in the boat likewise—"cut the painter, and let her drift with the tide." There appeared nothing better to be done, and I cut the painter, and shoved the boat off; and, as it was ebb tide, I very soon saw myself floating past the Seacombe Hotel, with a fair prospect of going out to sea in an open boat, in the company of that most atrocious of all villains, Peter Schlemihl!

There was but a single oar in the boat; and with it Peter Schlemihl did his best to get her from the shore, and I devoutly hoped that somebody on the Cheshire side of the river, seeing our distress would come to our relief; but no such thing took place. We neared the Rock Lighthouse—swept past it with the apparent speed of a race-horse; and were very soon at sea, having, during our progress, seen the flames of the warehouse spread and extend themselves into a tremendous fire.

I was cold and shivery, and the rolling motion of the boat occasioned a swimming in my head, and any thing but an agreeable sensation in my stomach, and, by the advice of Peter Schlemihl, I lay down at the bottom of the boat, and fell into a doze.

On awakening, I found we were in perfectly smooth water, upon the bosom of which the boat floated like a gull, quite free from progress or motion; whilst on one hand was the open sea, and on the other a mountainous country, but no house or habitant in view.

"Where are we?" I enquired from Peter Schlemihl, though I scarcely expected a satisfactory answer.

"We are off the Isle of Man," answered Peter, "and in a capital place for fishing—did you ever fish off here?"

I answered in the negative.

"You had better begin," said he.

"Begin to fish!" I replied, "and how am I to accomplish this feat, I should like to know, seeing that the only implements on board the boat are you and I and a wooden oar?"

"I'll show you," said Peter; upon which he came to me, and, gently lifting off my hat, he seized me by the hair of my head, and at a jerk, threw me over the side of the boat, where he held me with my chin just above, and my body and legs dangling underneath the water!

In a few instants I felt a nibbling at the toes of my right foot, and presently afterwards a similar nibbling at the toes of my left. The nibbling became more urgent and fierce, and at length hurting me considerably, I gave a bit of a plunge with my feet.

"Is there a bite?" said Peter Schlemihl.

"I don't know what you mean by a bite," I replied; "but something is taking liberties that are particularly disagreeable with my toes."

Peter Schlemihl jerked me into the boat with as much ease as he had jerked me out, and to one of my feet hung a big ugly gunard, whilst something slipped into the water from the other, as he canted me over the gunwale into the boat.

A very short time elapsed before Peter Schlemihl again seized me by the hair, and swung me into the sea, holding me as before, and I again felt similar nibblings at my toes, and was drawn up as before with a goodly turbot at one foot, and a couple of lobsters at the other!

He continued his occupation for a length of time, with various success; but my toes, by the repetition of nibbling and biting, had become so exceedingly sensitive and sore, that I scarcely could endure the pain.

At length a nibble came, harder than the previous ones—another and another followed, still more severe—it was no longer a nibble, but a downright severe bite—a bite from something that had powerful mandibles to bite with—the pain was excessive, and too severe to be endured with any thing like patience; and, casting my eyes downward, I beheld, through the clear, green water, a shoal of huge black lobsters and crabs, gnawing away at my toes with all their might and main; while other monsters were struggling through the black and ugly mass, endeavoring to force their way, that they might have a bite.

Another nip came, so savage that I screamed out, and Peter Schlemihl once more jerked me into the boat.

But his amusement, if amusement he derived from the exercise, was now at an end; for just at that moment, the Commodore, Glasgow Packet, steamed up, and taking us in tow, we were landed at Seacombe in an incredible short time; and, during our passage, my well-saturated clothes became thoroughly dry.

Peter Schlemihl, with affected pity for the soreness of my feet, assisted me up to the hotel, and into the room, and placed me in the very chair in which I had been sitting when he first obtruded his unwelcome presence upon me, and, to my surprise, and somewhat to my relief, I perceived that my wife still remained in the doze in which I left her.

Peter Schlemihl also took a chair and

helped himself to a glass of wine, and me to another, and, after sitting some time in silence,

"Well!" said he, "are you almost recruited?"

"I am much better, certainly," I answered.

"Are you ready to start again?" said Peter.

"Start again! where?" I replied.

"On our walk," said Peter, "surely it is not over yet?"

"Not over yet?" I answered: "If ever any man catches me again walking with you, Peter Schlemihl, I'll give him leave to call me the wandering Jew!"

"Oh! that is your determination, is it?" said he; "very well, be it so, my fine fellow. In that case, I will take my departure, leaving you this token of remembrance,"—saying which, he got up and jumped full five feet high, alighting with his two heavy heels immediately upon my toes, and then deliberately walked out of the room, impudently winking his eyes at me as he went through the doorway.

The cruel agony of that jump made me roar out, and roll off my chair upon the ground, from very pain; and my wife, awaking at the noise, raised me up, and enquired what was the matter.

"That Peter Schlemihl!" said I—"that infernal Peter Schlemihl! he has lamed me for life!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" exclaimed my wife—"you are dreaming!"

I, however, knew better, and rang the bell, and enquired for Peter Schlemihl; but whether the waiter was in his confidence, or whether Peter Schlemihl had managed to make his entrance and his exit without being perceived, I do not know, but the waiter certainly denied all knowledge of Peter Schlemihl!

I then detailed the whole of my adventures to my wife, commencing with the first obtrusion of Peter Schlemihl into the room, and ending with his jumping upon my toes when he took his final departure.

Still she said it was but a dream!

I took off my stockings, and showed her my toes, red and angry, and evidently glazed and sore from the stamping and trampling, and nibbling and biting, to which they had been subjected; and I asked her whether, with such proof as that before her eyes she could entertain any doubt of my having been abused and ill-treated, through the instrumentality of Peter Schlemihl.

Still she persisted that it was but a dream!

I then rang the bell, and requested the attendance of Mr. Parry, and every man and woman servant in the house. I described Peter Schlemihl—a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, aged about thirty, dressed in a black surtout, black stock, and dark trousers—a long nose, sparsish features, dark eyes, and black hair—wore his hat aside, a walking-stick in his hand, and a pair of boots on his feet, with plaguy thick heels.

One and all declared they had seen no such man!

I begged of Mr. Parry that he would search about the premises for him, and desire that stout gentleman, Mr. Smith, to prevent his going away by any of the packets. "You will be sure to find him," said I, "and he has got the Custom-house clock in his pocket." But stout Mr. Smith avers that he has not yet received three pence from him, and

to this hour he remains undiscovered, which is to me very remarkable.

I suffered such torment in my feet, that I soon afterwards went to bed, but not to sleep; for the infamous treatment to which my toes had been exposed occasioned such achings and twinges, that I could not close my eyes; and to make matters worse, when I attempted to rise in the morning, I was unable to put a foot on the floor.

A surgeon (a medical gentleman, the cant phrase for one of those bundles of cruelty) was immediately called in; looking at my toes he significantly said, "It is the gout!"

Wishing to undeceive him, I gave him a minute narrative of all I had endured—told him the various stampings and squeezings to which I had been a martyr—the nibblings and bitings that I had undergone, when Peter Schlemihl compelled me to do duty for a fish-line off the Isle of Man, and the savage jump with which the brute treated me when he took himself away!

"It is all a dream!" said my wife.

"It is dispepsia and night mare," said the doctor, "and the result is the gout!"

It drove me nearly mad to see such obstinacy, but I had no remedy but Patience. The doctor ordered flannel, and my lower extremities were forthwith folded up in yard upon yard of that material. It is now a fortnight since I stood upon my feet, and the doctor is such a heathen as to tell me, without allowing the information for a moment to disturb the gravity of his countenance, that possibly, after a month or six weeks' further suffering, such as that I now endure I may be enabled to get out on crutches. He evidently thinks that I am possessed of the stoical endurance of a North American Indian, or of one of those ancient martyrs who expiated their sins by calmly submitting to be roasted to death at the stake—alas! I do not possess the unflinching courage of the one nor the pious resolution of the other; but like an ordinary mortal, look upon pain as by no means a contemptible evil, and as a thing which every right-minded man will carefully eschew, especially when it takes up its abode in the ankles or the toes.

In the mean-time. I am suffering seriously from his treatment. He is giving me medicine, as he says, to strengthen and restore the tone of my stomach, and that I may not wear the stomach out, he scarcely allows me to put any thing into it; whilst each time my room door is open there rushes in a perfume of turtle-soup that almost brings tears to my eyes!

Five times every day since I have been under this wicked man's care, as he calls it, I have endeavored to convince him of his error, by narrating fully and minutely the particulars of my unfortunate ramble with Peter Schlemihl, but he is one of those thoroughly obstinate men upon whom reason and argument are thrown away; and my wife, I am sorry to say, is equally hard to be convinced.

She still says, "It was all a dream!"

The doctor still says, "It was dispepsia and nightmare, and the result is the gout!"

Whilst I contend, with all the confidence of truth, that my rambles with Peter Schlemihl was a real and *bona fide* ramble,

Which do you think is right?

Natural Dancers.

In my mind, says Washington Irving, there is no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchman, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts. The public shall know all about it.—As I never dance cotillions, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations, I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about, without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I at length traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen, to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject, and by the most accurate computation I have determined that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid, nor Pythagoras himself, could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top; unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking one thread of the lady's dress! He then sprung up, like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in the water. No man, of woman born, who was not a Frenchman, could have done the like.

Singular fall of Ice.

A curious phenomenon, says a foreign paper recently took place at the farm of Balvoirlich, Scotland. Immediately after one of the loudest peals of thunder ever heard there, a large and irregular shaped mass of ice, reckoned to be nearly twenty feet in circumference and a proportionate thickness, fell near the farm house—it had a beautiful crystalline appearance, being nearly all quite transparent, if we except a small portion of it which consisted of hail stone of uncommon size, fixed together. It was principally composed of small squares—diamond shape—of from one to three inches in size, all firmly congealed together. The weight of this large piece could not be ascertained; but it is a most fortunate circumstance that it did not fall on Mr. Moffatt's house, or it would have crushed it, and undoubtedly caused the death of some of the inmates. No appearance whatever of either hail or snow was discernible in the surrounding district.

"Female lips are but the glowing gateway of so much beef and cabbage."

Abuse is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence.

Persian Mode of receiving a Foreign Minister.

A curious and dramatic scene is reported to have lately taken place at the Court of Persia:

The young Shah has been passing the holy month of Ramazan, which happens this year to coincide with the dog days, in a spacious garden not far from Teheran. The Envoy of a great Christian sovereign, having demanded an audience of his Majesty, an hour was appointed for the ceremony. His excellency, on arriving in due season at the royal encampment, was ushered into a tent, where he reposed a moment, while his arrival was announced to the Mohammedan successor of Darius and Xerxes. Scarcely had he taken a seat, when his ears were assailed by the sound of repeated heavy blows, mingled with the most piteous cries of terror and agony.—Scarcely had he time to comprehend that a grand public execution was the cause of these distressing sounds, when he was seized by the Shah's attendants, and hurried forward to the royal presence. On his passage, a greater and more revolting shock awaited him. Executioners dragging the yet palpitating trunks of eight headless victims, decapitated before the Shah, met him in his path, and rudely shoved him aside to make way for their hideous train of carnage and mutilation. On reaching the Court circle, pale, and confused, he remained for some seconds in an attitude of speechless horror. The Shah, with an air of composure which would have done him honor on the field of battle, inquired if the Envoy was unwell; and then for the first time, in language of just indignation, learned what even the most despotic court of Europe would think of the bloody and barbarous reception just given to its representative.—Besides the appearance of insult offered to a friendly sovereign, no light shade of odium was cast upon the throne, when thus converted from a seat of judgment and mercy, into the shambles of a butcher. It is rumored that the king of kings, abashed by so well-deserved a reproof, hung his head in the silence of youthful shame; and that the indignant Envoy, on repeating his complaint to the Prime Minister, received the consoling assurance that he had probably earned, by twenty minutes of annoyance, the satisfaction of putting an end to a barbarous and hateful practice, which, though belonging to the good old times of Persia, was not the less a scandal to the age, and a dishonor to the crown.

The Effects of Chalk upon Iron.

Lately a lot of English scrap iron was sold here, to arrive, at full prices. Upon its reception, it was found that it had been stowed in the hold with some chalk over it, which had marked it considerably. In consequence the purchaser refused to receive it, as iron when thus chalked will not weld together; and it was to-day sold at auction at a considerable decline.—*Bos. Trav.*

A young fellow named *Wisely*, residing "out west," in a fit of jealousy recently attempted to stab another named *Touwell*. It seems the young lady who caused the dispute was

"One who loved not *Wisely* but *Touwell*."

Interesting Fact in Grafting.

Du Hamel, the celebrated French pomologist and horticulturist, ingrafted a young lemon, of the size of a pea, upon the branch of an orange tree. It grew there, ripened, and had all the qualities of the lemon, without partaking of any of the properties of the orange. It is evident, in this instance, that the stalk of the lemon changed the color, taste and smell of the juices of the orange tree. And from this experiment, we have reason to conclude that all the different figures, colors, tastes and smells, which we find in different plants, are formed in the plants themselves.

Life.

The true scholar—and may we not add, Christian?—will feel that the richest romance, the noblest fiction, that ever was woven, the heart and soul of beauty, lies enclosed in *human life*. Itself of surprising value, it is also the richest material for his creation.

He must bear his share of the common load. He must work. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names—in books. His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know in his own beating bosom its sweet and smart? Out of love and hatred, out of earnings and borrowings, and lendings and losses, out of sickness and pain, out of wooing and worshipping, out of traveling and voting, and watching and caring, out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lessons; let him learn it by heart.—Let him endeavor exactly, bravely and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that line which is set before him; and this by *punctual action*, and not by promises and dreams.

Heaven.

It is the hope of heaven which relieves despair. Short as are our conceptions, there are moments with perhaps every mind, when glimpses shoot in a bright, and joyous, and happy existence. They may be instantaneous in their coming and momentary in their stay; yet they leave a sense of happiness in store for the righteous.

"FATHER, what is a Socialist?" "A Socialist my child, is some strange animal, that grows in the tropical regions and has ten heads, and I don't know how many tails, and it eats up whole villages of little children, and grinds the bark off the largest trees, and makes a horrible noise, between its teeth, and—I can hardly tell you what else. A Socialist my child, is a terrible thing."

Wanted.

A young lady advertises in the Cleveland Plaindealer for a young gentleman to act as an amanuensis. He must be able to write in cyphers, and when not thus engaged he will be expected to read poetry with feeling, converse with ease, and be able to play cribbage and back-gammon. He must expect to be kissed when she is pleased, and cuffed when she's not, but as her temper is acknowledged to be good, there will probably be more kissing than cuffing. There's a chance for somebody.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

BUSINESS NOTICES.

F. A. LOOMIS

Has become connected with the LITERARY UNION, with full powers to transact business.

Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, *Dexter & Brother.*
SYRACUSE, *W. L. Palmer*; office between the west doors of the Syracuse House.

Advertising Agent.

V. B. Palmer; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at fifty cents;—just half price. Those who prefer, can obtain it of us, beautifully bound, for \$1.25; or in good plain binding, for \$1.00.

Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to Clubs in our Prospectus.

To Teachers & Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as gratuitous agents in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations. They will also furnish plans for school houses to those intending to build.

THE TEACHING PROFESSION.

We have been solicited to publish an able article on this subject, that appeared in the *Tribune* of Nov. 21st, from which we can only find room for a short extract. Previous to giving the extract, however, we should say that the article in question is an editorial, purporting to give an account of a late meeting of the N. Y. Teachers' Association. It appears that the teachers had advertised a discussion relative to 'the advisableness of introducing Phonography as a branch of instruction into the Ward and Public Schools of the City.'

At the meeting, according to the *Tribune*, a majority of the teachers avowed their indisposition and want of ability, to carry on the discussion.

The *Tribune* affirms that these discussions are uninteresting, and 'feebly attended by the teachers themselves,' and infers that there must be some radical 'defect of that prestige which ought to attend the public assemblage of a profession which should be composed of members capable of enlivening an evening's entertainment with wit, argument and illustration, classical allusions and original designs and conceptions, or who, at all events, should be able to surround with interest and throw light upon whatever subject they touch connected with their own pursuits.

'We speak plainly because we are gladly interested in education and the public profession of teaching. A great part of the defect we have just noticed—as well as many more that we may notice hereafter—is to be attributed to the fact that this class of public men have heretofore almost entirely escaped criticism. They have dwelt in a world of their own in which they are always masters. The press has seldom noticed the schools public or private, except to bestow indiscriminate praise. It seems hardly to have occurred either to the teachers of public schools themselves or to the community, that these men are the public servants, living on the public money and hence that their characters in all particulars touching their fitness for their profession, are public property and fairly open to public discussion. Their sensitiveness on this point, which we have wounded on one or two occasions is, therefore mistaken, to say, the least. * * *

Correspondence.

GENTLEMEN:—

Some literary gentleman who signs himself '*Philo-Veritas*,' in your last, criticizes a passage in a former number of the '*Literary Union*,' touching the proper pronunciation of the word *woman*. I agree with '*Philo-Veritas*' as to the pronunciation of the word; but beg to correct several gross errors into which he has fallen. He writes as follows:

'The word *Man* is derived from the Hebrew word *Monah*. The Greek word *men*, or *mind*, has the same meaning. The Latin word *homo*, which means *Man*, is derived from the Greek *o*, (*homen*) the *man*, or the *mind*. The feminine of *homo*, or *Man*, is *feo-min-a*, from *feo* to produce, and *min*, *men*, *mind*, or *Man*—which signifies the *Man* or *mind* that produces. Now, this word *feo-min*, or the *Man-producer*, is the original of the Saxon word *woman*.'

First, there is no such word in Greek as '*men*' signifying *mind*. There is such a word in that language, but it is simply a conjunction. There is also in Greek the word '*men*,' (pronounced *meen*), month. (If you had the type I would write the words in the Greek characters, which would make my remarks more clear, probably, to '*Philo-Veritas*.' The word '*min*' is also found in Greek.—But this is an indeclinable pronoun, used by Homer and Herodotus for '*auton*,' him, her or it. The only words in Greek having any affinity to '*men*,' and in any way expressive of mind or its manifestations are, *menos* and *menis* (pronounced *meenis*), the first of which denotes, strength of mind, vehemence; and the latter, rage, wrath, &c. The Greek noun that means mind, is '*noos*' or '*nous*.' In the Latin tongue, the word '*mens*' means, mind. Has not '*Philo-Veritas*' confounded both languages?

Secondly: The Latin word '*homo*' is not 'derived from the Greek *o* (*homen*) the man, or the mind;' because there is no such word in the Greek that signifies man, or mind. The simple letter *o*, (read *ho*, because of the aspirate character), is the definite article, although Homer has used it as a demonstrative pronoun; and as I have said, there is no such word in Greek signifying man, or mind, as *men*, *homen*, or *min*. Again, the true derivation of '*homo*' is thus: *Homo*, quasi *humo*, from *humus*, earth, i. e. made of earth.

Furthermore, the Latin word '*homo*' means woman, as well as man. The word is of both genders, masculine and feminine, and means, man or woman. The proper term in Latin for man is, '*vir*,' not '*homo*.'

Again, *foemina* or *femina* (not *feomina*, as '*Philo-Veritas*' erroneously has it), is not the feminine of '*homo*.' How can it when '*homo*' is itself feminine? Nor does *foemina* mean, woman, any more than it does the female of any animal or even plant. The true Latin of woman is '*mulier*.' Neither can *foemina* be derived from '*feo*, to produce, and *min*, *men*, *mind* or *man*,' as '*Philo-Veritas*' alleges. '*Feo*' is an obsolete Latin word; but the word '*min*,' meaning man or mind, cannot be found in either tongue, Greek or Latin. Surely the derivation of '*Philo-Veritas*' is a bold one, and rests upon most questionable authority.

Woman is simply a compound of *womb*-man, abbreviated for euphony's sake. About the ingenuity of its derivation from her fall and her being the alleged cause of *woe* to *man*, I have nothing to say. I undertook to correct the errors of '*Philo-Veritas*,' and think I have done so. PHILOLOGOS.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 3, 1849.

Mr. L. N. Fowler—Proceedings of the Phrenological Class.

At the close of Mr. L. N. Fowler's course of instruction to his Class in Syracuse, on Thursday evening, Nov. 22, 1849—Dr. HIRAM HOYT was called to the chair, and W. L. CRANDAL appointed Secretary.

After a few appropriate remarks by the Chairman, in reference to the labors of George Combe, of Dr. Caldwell, and of L. N. Fowler, the following committee on resolutions was appointed: Mr. Stetson, Mr. Downer, Mr. Cornell, Mr. Brooks.

The committee made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:—

Having enjoyed the rare privilege and pleasure of attending a Course of Instruction upon the Sciences of Phrenology and Physiology by Mr. L. N. FOWLER, we offer the following resolutions, evincing our entire satisfaction as to the manner in which he has acquitted himself as a Lecturer and Teacher, and our estimate of the elevating and practical tendency of his instructions:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Class, the labors of Mr. L. N. FOWLER, as a Public Lecturer upon Phrenology, and as a teacher of that science, tend to the elevation of the Physical, Mental, Social and Moral condition of society.

Resolved, That the Science of Phrenology clearly unfolds the laws which govern the Constitution of Man; and that Mr. FOWLER, as a Lecturer, exhibits not only a truthful devotion to science, but that rare combination of ease, simplicity and clearness, which indicates a thorough mastery of a subject in all its bearings.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Mr. FOWLER, for the kindness, courtesy, and faithful interest he has displayed as the Instructor of this Class in Phrenological Science; and that, wherever he may go, he will carry with him our warm wishes for his success and happiness.

Mr. FOWLER said in substance: For this expression by the Class, I render you my thanks.—This brings to a close my Course of Instruction to this Class. I hope you see the importance of the subject, and its truthfulness. It is probable we shall never all meet again, in this capacity. We shall go different ways, never perhaps all to be assembled again, till we meet in the world of spirits—there, never to part, or to separate not to meet again. I hope to meet you all, prepared and cultivated, so that we may be fitted for that higher state of existence, and go on together through eternity.

My stay here has been pleasant; and whenever I return, I am sure I shall meet friends—warm hearted friends. I know I am attached to many here, and I think some are attached to me, and above all attached to Phrenology, which is of far more value than any considerations personal to myself.

On motion, Resolved, That the Committee on resolutions, are hereby requested, at their discretion, to call a meeting of the Class, and to submit a Constitution for a Phrenological Society.

Resolved, That the city papers be requested to publish these proceedings; and that a copy thereof be presented to Mr. Fowler.

HIRAM HOYT, Chairman.

W. L. CRANDAL, Secretary.

A dozen more Burglaries

Have been perpetrated in this city since our last issue. Burglars seem now to enjoy a perfect impunity.

Literary.

NOTICES.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, &c. By Richard Hildreth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The third volume of this admirable work has been received from the Publishers, and, so far as we are able to judge from a hasty glance at its pages, fully sustains the high reputation of its predecessors.

We stated in our notice of Vol. II. that we should postpone all critical comments till the conclusion of the work. Accordingly, as soon as our engagements will permit, we intend to give it such an examination as it deserves, and present to our readers the points which appear to us commendable or unworthy of praise.

THE CARAVAN; a Collection of Popular Tales, translated from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. New York: Appleton & Co.

Here is a delightful volume, reminding us more of the *Arabian Nights* than any thing else we know. Yet has it not escaped from the hand of a German author without retaining many German features; thus making it as singular and entertaining a book as such a combination of peculiarities would indicate. It is as though the thousand and one tales had been dictated to Jean Paul, and by him written out with due regard to Oriental custom and style of language, but seasoned with a tone of literary Transcendentalism.

Nor can the work fail to enhance the reputation of its Translator—the accomplished editor of *The Literary American*. If this is a fair specimen of his powers—and we cannot doubt it—it will do what scores of more ambitious efforts have failed to do for older men—place him in the first rank of American scholars and writers.

The book is got up with the usual fine taste of the Appletons; elegantly illustrated by Orr, and altogether a highly creditable affair.

American Biographical Library.

THE MILITARY AND CIVIL LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. New York: Wm. H. Graham.

So numerous are the biographies of Washington that each new one seems almost like an unnecessary demand upon the public attention. In this case, it seems that the publisher contemplates a series of cheap books, to illustrate the lives and characters of our public men in popular style, and in a form which gives all the ability to procure them.—Without a life of Washington at its head, such a course would indeed be incomplete.

We were not favorably impressed by the coarse exterior of this No., and opened it with the expectation of discovering an equal coarseness in the literary execution. But we are pleased to confess that in this we are mistaken; the author having done his part with more care than the publisher.—His style is vigorous and easy, intermingling a very practical and useful philosophy with his narrations of facts, and leaving in the mind of the reader a remembrance of the latter, much clearer than is usual in such works.

Our sympathies are always with the people; and it is therefore with great pleasure that we see such books as these filling the place in our cheap literature, occupied at present by monstrous novels and still more monstrous records of vice.

THE NATURAL LAWS OF MAN. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. New York: Fowler & Wells.

We have here the sixth edition of that work from which GEORGE COMBE acknowledged that he derived his first ideas of the 'Natural Laws.'—Both intrinsically, and merely as a production of SPURZHEIM, it is interesting to the Physiologist—the Phrenologist—the general Anthropologist.

The attention of our community has been recently engaged by the Lectures of L. N. Fowler; and it will perhaps be sufficient to add that this book, in common with all the most important ones of the same enterprising publishers, are to be found at most of our bookstores.

THE DOWAGER. By Mrs. Gore. Long & Brother, Publishers, New York.

With all our admiration for the talent heretofore manifested by the writer of this novel, we can hardly feel that it merits so distinguished an authorship. It has some excellent points and may become a favorite with a certain class of readers, but to those who have perused the work, it will be needless for us to hint that the good opinions of that class will hardly be thought of great value to the writer of good taste and high standing. The mischief-making propensities of the fretful old Dowager, from whose title the book takes its name, may be natural enough, for aught we know, and may afford some little consolation to those who are possessed of a like disposition, but they do not, in our judgment, spring from those traits of character upon which the novels of the present day should be founded.—Yet we would not be over-nice in making distinctions of this kind. The Novelist must be allowed a wide range in selecting his characters, and prescribing their course of conduct. All we have a right to demand, is that he so lay out his work as to make its moral tendency harmonize with the progressive spirit of the times, and that he give us a true picture of society as he finds it. His object should be to instruct, improve, and elevate the public mind—thus becoming a great and powerful contributor to the general amelioration of man. We are unwilling to assert, or even believe, that our Authoress in the present instance has violated either of these rules; yet we are obliged to confess that we have not been able to discover in her work the lesson of wisdom she would teach us. Other readers may be more successful, and we commend it to their perusal, if for no other purpose than to make themselves acquainted with Lady Mary Langley, Lord Chichester and Johnny; three prominent and well drawn characters.

WOODBURY'S YOUTH'S SONG BOOK; arranged and adapted from the best sources, for Schools, Classes, and the social circle. By J. B. Woodbury. New York: Huntington & Savage.

A very popular juvenile song-book, and one which is commended in the highest terms by teachers who have used it. While among the pieces we recognize many old acquaintances, and cherished ones, we still believe them mostly new.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW; republication by Leonard, Scott & Co., New York.

Right glad are we to find our table honored by the presence of the October No. of this liberal and powerful Magazine. Like its predecessors, it has found its way into our sanctum laden with the ablest productions of the ablest pens. The article on 'Human Progress,' embracing a review of several important and celebrated works, displays a vigor of style and depth of thought, which will rarely

be met with among the most talented Essayists of our time. 'Jasmin,' the Troubadour-poet, is evidently the work of a less gifted writer, but it is no less worthy of an attentive perusal by the lover of literary pursuits, if he wishes to become acquainted with one of the most charming and eccentric poetical geniuses, who have ever lived to immortalize themselves, and do honor to their mother tongue.

The statesman or political economist who wishes to see the population question thoroughly discussed should not fail to cast a sharp eye upon 'Malthus;'—he will there be introduced to a rich fund of argument, philosophy, and statistical information which cannot be so easily and cheaply obtained from any other source.

'State of the Nation' is another article of great interest to every class of readers. It dwells with clearness and force upon the present social and political condition of England,—pointing out the evils by which she is afflicted, and prescribing the remedy for those evils, with a spirit of impartiality and enlightened freedom highly complimentary to our own American institutions. The educator and practical teacher will be peculiarly benefited and encouraged by its perusal.

'German Philosophy' is a brief, but critical dissertation on the metaphysical writings and opinions of several distinguished German authors. Burdach, Heinroth, Kant, Schelling, etc., are partially represented in their views upon certain questions which have engaged the attention of the Philosophical Student. No intelligent reader of this article will be satisfied without a further investigation of its subject.

In the article entitled 'Loans and Standing Armaments,' are developed the opinions of the *Review*, and a large class of its supporters, on more than one great question of national policy. We make room for a short extract:—

'Amidst the crash of governments which has been witnessed during the last eight months, there are two countries in which no disturbances have occurred, and where not the slightest apprehension has been felt of any insurrectionary proceedings: they are Switzerland and the United States; the two countries which repudiate all reliance upon a regular army for the maintenance of order. It cannot be said, then, that in present or past times there have been no examples of governments being supported in the exercise of their authority without the aid of a permanent military force.

'At no former time was there so great a disposition on the part of the governments and ruling classes of Europe, as at present, to rely upon large armies for the maintenance of their political institutions. It remains to be seen whether an army is not the most revolutionary pivot upon which to poise the authority of a state, and merely so, but the most suddenly revolutionary. The French people in the provinces complain that Paris sends them the news of a dethronement, a revolution, and a new form of government, all by the same post. Twice during the last twenty years the government of that country has been overturned almost without a struggle: namely, in 1830, when the government had an army of upwards of 300,000 men at its disposal, and in 1848, when it had in its pay nearly half-a-million of troops. In the former case the soldiers showed but a weak and divided allegiance to their paymasters; on the latter occasion, they folded their arms, and allowed the gamins of Paris to take possession of the reins of government. In both instances, the suddenness of the revolution arose from the circumstance that the authority of the

government rested upon a military basis: when the army had pronounced, all was over. Such a sudden overthrow of the powers of the state would be impossible in a country like the United States or Switzerland, where the government rests on public opinion, and where every change, however slight, in the laws must be brought about by long agitation and discussion. But a country depending upon the soldiery for the maintenance of its institutions and the preservation of order, can have no guarantee from day to day, that sudden revolutions—like those which took place in the spring of last year in France, Germany, Austria, and Italy—will not occur again in 1849 or 1850.—The chances are, that the armies, which are now everywhere the objects of imperial and regal adulation, will be found taking the initiative in future revolutions; they will be, indeed more or less than men, if they do not claim a share in the control of those governments which own themselves to be indebted for their very existence to their swords.

But the question before us is, as to the wisdom of those who lend their money for the support of this system; for it must be borne in view that governments are now resorting to foreign loans, not to supply the temporary exigencies of war, but to enable them to meet the demands of permanent armies, kept up in a time of peace to preserve internal order, and the expense of which their own people are unable to bear. Is there a good prospect to the money-lender in such a security as is held out by this system of government? How is it to end? Are Austria, France, and Russia likely to be more able to support their standing armies after they have incurred an additional load of debt than at present? It is probable that they will ever reduce their warlike establishments whilst they can find foreign capitalists who will enable them to pay the present amount of force? Are they taking the necessary steps to prepare their people for any other rule but that of force? In whatever point of view we consider it, there does not appear any great temptation, as a matter of gain, to embark in such a speculation; and, on the ground of utility or morality, loans to enable the governments of the continent to maintain their present wasteful establishments, are utterly indefensible.

Stoddard & Babcock.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. Nov. No.

Maga appears with its usual quantity of able matter, advocating its own political tenets. The fifth No. of *Dies Boreales* is particularly valuable to Shaksperian readers.

Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

For sale at Stoddard & Babcock's.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for December,

Comes to us late; so late that we have time only to look at the pictures and read the titles and authors of the articles. The former are decidedly good; the list of contributors will compare in character with any other we know.

One negative item of testimony we are pleased to furnish. There is none of that extravagant system of puffing which has so generally prevailed among our popular periodicals as to displace and drive out much of merit they might otherwise possess. We venture nothing in saying that in some of this class, more talent and time are employed in getting up a show-bill and decrying cotemporaries, than in any other department. This may all be calculated to elevate moral and literary taste; but we do not believe it.

For sale at Palmer's.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 290.

Contents.—The Electric Telegraph; There are Back Again; Europe; Los Gringos; Summer Journey; Persia and Turkey; and short articles. To the Editorials from the *Examiner*, *Spectator*, and *Daily News*, we would call especial attention. They are able and searching expositions of European affairs viewed in the light of Liberalism.

For sale by Palmer.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

Good News.

A Yankee has discovered a mode by which every description of clothes may be purified, and rendered beautifully clean and white without the old process of washing. It is done by a chemical compound being placed in the water with the soap.—By allowing the clothes to lie in the water thus prepared, they wash themselves, and receive no injury. So that the horrors of a washing-day—cross wife, and a scrap dinner, will in future be avoided. The fellow is quite a domestic *Washington*.—*Mirror*.

Great Printing Press.

Messrs. Hoe & Co. of this city, are at present engaged in the manufacture of an eight cylinder press for the "*New York Sun*," which at slow speed will throw off 20,000 copies per hour. It is intended to be self-flying, requiring but eight persons to attend to it, which is the same number required to tend those at present in use for the above News Paper, and these are the largest kind in use, in this or any other country. The cost of this mammoth press will be \$20,000.—*Merchant's and Tradesman's Journal*.

New Line to Boston.

The Long Island Railroad will, on the 5th inst., commence running a line across the Sound and carrying day passengers to Boston. We learn that the arrangements are excellent, and that as short time will be made between here and Boston, as on any other route. This line will accommodate many way passengers, and have its full share of the through travel.—*Pathfinder*.

Appointment to the Military Academy at West-Point.

Hon. James Brooks of the *Express*, has set an example to public men having offices in their gift, that we hope they will not be slow to follow. Mr. Brooks has the privilege of appointing a cadet to West Point, and has, we hear, been beset by many wealthy and influential families to bestow it on their sons. This Mr Brooks has refused to do.—He has given the appointment to the Faculty of the Free Academy, with instructions to bestow it on the fittest and most deserving student.—*Tribune*.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

DOMESTIC.

SEAL OF CALIFORNIA.

Correspondence of the Chenango Telegraph.

MONTEREY, Oct. 1, 1849.

The Convention has now under discussion the matter of an appropriate seal, to be the great seal of the State of California. The design which will

be adopted for the seal and coat of arms, has on the foreground a grizzly bear feeding upon a cluster of grapes, emblematical of the most fearful animal and the most delicious luxuries of this country; upon the right is a representation of Minerva holding the Gorgon Shield in one hand and a spear in the other, emblematical of our springing into existence as a State without going through the forms of a territorial government; the reverse is the representation of the miner with pick, and spade, and implements of mining, toiling for the precious treasure; in the middle is a beautiful river, on which are seen steam boats, emblematical of our Commerce; in the distance is seen the snow-clad top of the Sierra Nevada; and on the top the motto, 'Eureka,' (I have found it,) applicable either to the miner as success attends his labors, or the stranger, as he settles down in our beautiful valleys, or to the politician, as he sees a State admitted at once without any previous legislation—discovering a new principle, as did the philosopher making the expression.

AN EXPERIMENTAL musical performance on the telegraph lines, was lately made at the Company's office, No. 5, Hanover st., which resulted most triumphantly. During a pause in business communications, Mr. Porter, at the Boston station, was requested to play 'Yankee Doodle,' and other popular airs, which he did, the notes being as distinctly beat off as they could have been by a drummer.—*Tribune*.

THE DOINGS OF RUM.—How often do we see the loftiest minds overthrown by the demon intemperance. William H. Attree, for a long time connected with the *New York Herald*, and a gentleman of fine abilities, died last week, in New York, in a state of great destitution, produced by his abject slavery to strong drink. He was buried by the subscriptions of the editorial and reportorial profession.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

ANNEXATION OF NEW BRUNSWICH.—A letter from St. Johns, N. B., to the *Montreal Courier*, says that there is a greater feeling in favor of annexation to the United States in that Province than in Canada. All that is required to bring the feeling into notice is a leading man to take a bold stand. The St. Johns' press, however, does not appear to have taken any stand on the annexation question, as one which concerns that Province.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, whose 'Revelations' made so much stir some two years since, is now residing very quietly in Brooklyn, engaged in preparing a series of volumes to be entitled 'The Great Harmonia.' The first, we understand, is soon to appear, and will treat of the laws of Health, Disease and cure. Davis professes to be now able to enter the clairvoyant state without the aid of Magnetism.

A BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, of Ohio, one of the Auditors of the Treasury, at Washington, lately delivered an Address before the Montgomery County Agricultural Society, of Maryland, in which he took able ground in favor of the establishment of a Board of Agriculture, at Washington, under the auspices of the General Government, to which the State Societies should annually report; and that there should be societies in every State, under State auspices, to which county and local societies should report.

ELECTRICITY.—Mr. Henry M. Paine, Worcester, Mass., claims to have fully succeeded in condensing the Electric Fluid, and perfecting the Hydro-Electric Light. He says in a recent letter to the *Scientific American*:

'I assure you that without the elements around us change in their material or nature, the days of steam are numbered. As regards its use for the

purposes of light, the invention has passed conditionally from my hands into those of heavy capitalists.'

WE UNDERSTAND that on Monday last James Jackson Jarvis, Esq. presented his credentials to the Secretary of State, and was received as Special Commissioner of His Majesty the King of the Hawaiian Islands to the Government of the United States.—*National Intelligencer*.

FOREIGN.

'By the Steamship Canada.

England.

Sir Henry Lytton, Minister to the U. S., was on ship-board, but had not yet sailed for this country.

Ireland.

The landlord and tenant war continues—the tenantry taking every possible means to secure the crops in view of the approaching famine.

France.

Mr. Rives, the American Minister, has been received by the President with the most profound tokens of respect.

The prospect of another African war seems imminent—the difficulties with Morocco having recently increased. It is proposed to send a squadron against Tangier.

Letter writers say that great dissatisfaction with the Government exists in the departments.

Spain.

Private and personal quarrels among the officers of the Government, seem to be the order of the day.

Austria and Hungary.

Military executions continue—the ferocity of Haynau being still unsatisfied. The terms of surrender, of the garrison of Comorn, are not regarded by this monster of depravity.

The change of the French Ministry has caused a lively sensation in Governmental circles, on the ground that the new Cabinet is less favorable to Austria than the old.

Germany.

A renewal of the war with Denmark is seriously talked about in certain quarters. The settlement of the relationship of the Duchies, seems as distant as ever.

Prussia.

The anniversary of the accession to power of the Brandenburg Ministry, was celebrated at Berlin with much pomp, Gen. Wrangel, the Haynau of Prussia, being the lion of the evening.

Political engravings and secret meetings, are suppressed by the Police.

The library of the celebrated Ludwig Tieck, is not to be sold by auction, but has been purchased by the great Berlin bookseller for 7,000 rix dollars.

Turkey.

The English fleet remains in the Dardanelles, awaiting the reply from official sources, of the Emperor of Russia.

The Porte have the assurance from Sir Stratford Canning, that England is ready to form a treaty, offensive and defensive, if Russia declares war on account of the pending question. Gen. Aupich has the authority of the French Government for making the same statement with reference to its determination.

Kossuth has issued a proclamation to his brother refugees, stating that he has official assurance, that as many of them as wish to remain in the Turkish dominions, shall enjoy the most liberal treatment and protection. There is also a prospect of their being allowed to serve in the army under generous pay, without changing their religion.

Italy.

It is stated that the Pope still refuses to return, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations on the part of M. De Corcelles and Gen. Rostolan.

The official friends of the Pope are being dismissed from their places on account of the jealousy of the Court.

Naples.

The King and the Pope and still at the Royal Palace of Caserta, where a Cabinet Council was lately held to deliberate on the affairs of Rome.

Political persecutions are carried on with little less rigor than disgraces the Austrian Government.

The Jesuits are now the Supreme Power in Naples, and are taking active measures to suppress all instruction, but such as they prescribe.

EXTRACT.

RECEPTION OF MR. RIVES.

M. Rives, the new Minister of the American Republic to the French nation, presented his credentials to the President on the 8th inst. at the Elysee National, accompanying them with the following observations :

'Monsieur le President—In presenting to you the letter of credence which I have been charged by the President of the United States to deliver to you, I should very imperfectly comprehend the spirit of my mission, and the views and feelings of those I am commissioned to represent, if I were not to assure you, as the chosen head of this great nation, of the sincere and cordial friendship which the people and government of the United States cherish for the people and constituted authorities of the French Republic. There are no two nations we persuade ourselves, which can have stronger motives, whether in the recollections of the past or the sympathies and interest of the present, to cultivate a constant good understanding and fraternal intercourse with each other. Under the influence of this sentiment, the most ardent vows are formed everywhere in the United States for the happiness of France, and the consolidation of her liberties upon the sure basis of order, religion, and respect for the law, which you, Monsieur le President, on a late august occasion, so justly pronounced to be the distinguished characteristic of a free people.—If, in the performance of the honorable trust with which I have been charged, I should have the good fortune to be instrumental, in any degree, in strengthening the natural bonds of amity and friendship between France and the United States, I shall have accomplished my mission in the manner which will best answer to the wishes and intentions of my Government, as well as to my own most earnest desires.'

The President of the Republic declared to the Minister of the United States that notwithstanding the faults which it was right to admit on both sides, he willingly took the first step toward the re-establishment of good harmony between the two countries ; and that a susceptibility which would be, perhaps, natural with respect to a Monarchy, did not appear to him to have the same serious motive as regards an elder Republic. He added that, however jealous he ought to be of the honor of France, he had too high an opinion of the character of Gen. Taylor to hesitate a moment in acknowledging the pain which he felt on seeing sentiments of friendship, so intimate and of such ancient date, altered on account of a misunderstanding without importance.

The Ambassador of the United States received the frank and loyal declaration with entire cordiality.

GLEANINGS.

The last information from the Seminoles, was that the Indians won't remove.

A Wild Cat was shot near Lambertsville, Hunterdon county, (N. J.) week before last.

The Cholera has again made its appearance on the Mississippi river.

A body of thirty-six political refugees from Germany, arrived in New York, on Tuesday week.

J. Nevitt, Esq., of Maryland, has been appointed Charge to the Republic of Venezuela.

A Native American paper in Philadelphia, nominates Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, for President in 1852.

It is stated that the father-in-law of Com. Stockton has left him an income of \$24,000 per annum ; and that his annual income now is not less than \$100,000 ! And yet the Commodore is not a subscriber to the Telegraph !

A woman has been arrested in Ypsilanti, Michigan, for setting fire twice to the house of her former lover, who married another girl.

El Siglo, a journal published in the city of Mexico, is advocating annexation of the Mexican Republic to the United States.

The Belgian Minister, Baron de Roenne, has arrived at Washington.

The Philomela steeple, in Cincinnati, is nearly finished, and very soon, for the first time in that city, will be heard vibrating from its enclosure, the sweet sounds of a chime of five bells.

Stalks of celery, thirty-nine inches long, were exhibited at the last horticultural meeting in Cincinnati.

Letters from Washington state that the Post Master General will recommend to Congress a uniform rate of five cents postage, without regard to distance.

The Columbia South Carolinian, states that a great fall of meteors occurred at Lexington, (S. C.) on the night of the 1st ult.

A Spanish Woman is one of the most extensive gamblers at San Francisco. She has staked 25 lbs. of gold at a single throw—and won—of course !

The Pennsylvanian says—We regret to see that Mr. Walsh continues to write abusively of the Republicans of Europe in all his Paris letters.

Miss Julia Dean closed an enthusiastic engagement at Chicago on the 3d ult., and was succeeded by Mr. Murdoch.

There is a party in Mexico advocating the annexation of that country to the United States.

Irish Emigration to the United States, bids fair to be on a more extended scale, this season, than it has ever been.

The cultivation of tea, attempted in South Carolina, by Junius Smith, promises to be successful.

Accounts from Yucatan report that hostilities between the whites and Indians and been renewed.

Thackeray was still sick at the last accounts, and the continuation of Pendennis was postponed until the 1st December.

The Massachusetts Humane Society have expended about \$5000 for life boats along the coast, and life preservers.

Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols, her husband being in ill health, is officiating as editress of the Brattleboro' Democrat.

Sacramento City, which is now only a few months old, is said to have a population of 18,000.

Hon. L. F. Vinton, of Ohio, has positively declined a re-election to Congress.

The Phrenological Journal.

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our RACE, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the HUMAN CONSTITUTION. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

PHRENOLOGY.

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

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The Spirit of the Age.

This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from dissimilarity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notice of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and published weekly, by FOWLERS AND WELLS, on a super royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are \$2.00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

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The Water-Cure Journal, emphatically a JOURNAL OF HEALTH, embracing the true principles of LIFE AND LONGEVITY, has now been before the public several years. And they have expressed their approval of it by giving it a monthly circulation of upwards of Ten Thousand Copies. This Journal is edited by the leading Hydropathic practitioners, aided by numerous able contributors in various parts of our own and other countries.

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Trade Sale Books.

WE are now receiving great additions to our stock of Theological, Classical, School, Miscellaneous and Library Books—purchased at the late New York Trade Sales—enabling us to offer greater inducements than ever before to purchasers. WYNKOOP & BROTHER, Oct. 20, 1849.

Salem Town's School Books,

Published by

H. GILLAM & Co.,

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Child's FIRST BOOK; Trade price, 12½ cents.

Town's SECOND READER; " 31¼ "

" THIRD READER; " 50 "

" FOURTH READER; " 80 "

" FIFTH READER; will be published soon.

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The above works were adopted at the last session of the Onondaga Co. Teachers' Institute, and are already used in nearly one half the schools in the county.

Teachers, or persons wishing the above works for introduction, will be supplied at very reduced prices by Wynkoop & Brother, Syracuse; or by addressing John A. Kerr, care of H. Gillam & Co., Auburn.

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Syracuse, July 31, 1849.

To School Teachers.

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

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Publish this day, Thursday, July 5th, *The Primer and First Reader* of the NATURAL SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by OLIVER B. PIERCE.

"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—Pope.

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the Primer (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the First Reader, 6 1-2 cents; the Essay, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series," when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the *right pronunciation of words*, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

I. *The Primer*; alphabetical, with more than seventy cuts. 72 pages.

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IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1849.

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By the *Natural Series*, the child is *always* taught the right, first; and not the *wrong afterwards*.

It is believed that the use of the *Natural Series* will secure a free, easy and natural style of elocution in the progressive tyro, and will *naturalize* the constrained, stiff and artificial reader.

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Notice to Teachers.

PROF. H. MATTISON, author of the "Elementary Astronomy," and "Astronomical Maps," has now in course of preparation, a

"PRIMARY ASTRONOMY."

designed to precede his larger work in the Common Schools.—It will be a twelve mo. of about 150 pages, with one hundred illustrative cuts, incorporated with the text, and Questions in the margin. It will be ready for delivery about the middle of January next.

HUNTINGTON & SAVAGE.

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Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.,	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.,	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.,	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. American Review,	1 " 1.25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.,	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.,	3 " 75 "
London do.,	3 " 75 "
North British do.,	3 " 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation, Tribune, Scientific American, Organ, Spirit of the Times, Home Journal, Police Gazette, Literary World, New York Herald, Sunday Mercury, Ned Buntline's Own, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam Yankee, Flag of our Union, Museum, Pilot, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier, Neal's Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times, News, Punch.

W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.



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CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his HAT AND FUR STORE opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, *Genesee Street*, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line.

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The Subscribers grateful for past liberal patronage, beg leave to call the attention of their customers and the public generally to their

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Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the City Hall. THOSE in want of the aid of a dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of TEETH on plate, that he will, (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth 3 or 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June, 1849.

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D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

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The Fall and Winter Course of Lectures in this Institution, will commence on the FIRST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER next, and will continue sixteen weeks. The aggregate cost of Tickets will be \$55, including Demonstrator's fee. The Graduating Class will receive the benefit of extra instructions from the Faculty, during hours not appropriated to the regular exercises of the College, as often as three times per week. The only requisites for graduation are suitable qualifications.

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*C LINCK, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Medical Botany.

†WOOSTER BEACH, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine.

J. R. RUSH, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Surgical Prosecutor.

The Matriculation Ticket, \$5, and the Graduation Fee, \$15. Any student can have the privilege of attending Lectures in this Institution until he graduates, by the payment of \$100 in advance.

Good board can be had at from \$1 50 to \$2 50, per week; and Students, by clubbing together, can live well at an expense of from 50 to 75 cents per week.

A Student will be admitted to the Lectures gratuitously from each Senatorial District throughout the State, by paying only Matriculation, Demonstrator's and Graduation Fees. This arrangement gives to thirty-two Students annually, the sum of \$50 each. Those of this class are to be promising, indigent young men, of a good English education, and of a good moral character. Sons of Clergymen and Physicians will have the preference, if such apply in season. Such Students are to be recommended by a Justice of the Peace, or a Judge of the County in which they reside. They will please forward their applications as soon as the first of November next.

The Faculty being solicitous that all may enjoy the benefit of their labors, who wish, will take responsible notes on time, where persons are unable to advance the money. In such cases, ten dollars will be added to the cash price of each term.

All desirous to attend, will please forward their names, that we may be apprised of their coming.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

Anatomy.—Wistar, Wilson, Quain, and Horner.

Surgery.—Druitt, Liston, Cooper, Gibson, and Miller.

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Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.—Rigby, Beach, Curtis, and Eberle.

Chemistry.—Linck, Turner, Gray, and Beck.

Botany.—Eaton, Bigelow, Gray, and Wood.

Materia Medica.—Kost, Nelligan, Wood & Bache.

Pathology.—Gross, Chomel, Williston, Alliston, and Stille.

Auscultation and Percussion.—Laennec, Bowditch, and Watson.

Medical Jurisprudence.—Beck, and Williams.

The Text Books recommended are consulted authoritatively, when descriptive of actual conditions, as in Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, &c.; but otherwise Eclectically, with careful discrimination.

The fundamental peculiarity of our doctrine in the treatment of disease, is, that nothing should be used as a remedy that will injure the human constitution, and that all means used, should have a direct tendency to sustain, and not depress the vital powers.

The College will be furnished with all suitable facilities for imparting a thorough and correct course of instruction on every branch of Medical Science. Dissection, Surgical Operations, Illustrations and Experiments will be conducted in the most advantageous and instructive manner. It is the design to give Students advantages here, fully equal to those enjoyed at any other Medical College.

For further information respecting the Lectures, direct a letter, *post paid*, to Dr. S. H. POTTER, Syracuse, N. Y.; or to Dr. S. M. DAVIS, Buffalo; Dr. Wm. W. HADLEY, Rochester; Dr. W. BEACH, New York City.

*Dr. D. C. LINCK has several years past been As. Prof. of Analytical Chemistry in Cambridge University, Mass., and resigns his Chair in that Institution, and comes to Syracuse to settle permanently as the Prof. of Chemistry and Botany in Central Medical College, and is author of a work on Chemistry, and recommended in the warmest manner by Cambridge University, as well as by Dr. Liebig of Germany, his preceptor. Dr. L. is furnished with the necessary apparatus and laboratory, fully prepared to do justice to his important department.

†Dr. W. BEACH, of N. Y., is the distinguished Author of numerous Medical Works of world-wide reputation. He has recently traveled through eight or ten kingdoms in Europe, and visited nearly all the important Medical Institutions to collect information to promote the cause of scientific reform. He has engaged to be here early in the session, with a female anatomical model, made to order in Paris, diagrams, pathological drawings, &c., executed in London, and establish a Dispensary and Clinic for students, where lectures will be given on the diseases of patients present, that the students may enjoy the full benefits of his extensive research. The entire influence of Prof. B. is pledged to this College.

NOTE.—Seventy-six students have already given their names to attend the Lectures, and among the number, Mrs. B. B. Gleason, wife of Dr. Gleason, Physician to the Glen Haven Water Cure Infirmary, with a view to complete her medical education by attending two terms of Lectures, and obtaining the degree of M. D. A second Miss Blackwell. Two other ladies are expected to attend. Syracuse, Sept., 1849.

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